

You're My Bitch

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by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Some of my writing buddies and I were inspired by the [Hannigram Rare Pairs Generator](#) and decided to do a little challenge between us based on our randomised results. I got Michel Previn from Relic Hunter and The Accountant/The Bitch from Bitch Better Have My Money - a ship I like to call Bitch Better Have My Relic.

So... you better believe that the plot in this is extra light! I mean, the man is strapped to a chair! NSFW ahead!



THE BOY



THE ACCOUNTANT
AKA "THE BITCH"

“What have you done now.” Michel’s voice was angry, which was to be expected. He had come back early from his trip - his sister had probably called him about the *kidnapping*. And he knew she’d left a note saying she was done taking their shit and going back to Paris, with some new friends. Oh, and his boyfriend tied to a chair, bloody and bruised.

“Will you forgive me? She called me her bitch and tied me down, very emasculating.” He flashed a grin and tried to turn on the charm. Knowing the boy - his boy - rarely resisted.

This was one of those rare occasions apparently.

“Forgive you? I’m getting tired of this shit. I thought you were going to give it all up for me?” Michel’s anger didn’t wane. In fact, before he could say anything, Michel turned on his heel and left the room.

He had promised that. He'd got involved in some black market relic dealing and caught the wrath of this virtuous beauty in the process. He still wasn't sure how they'd ended up in bed together nor how he'd managed to keep his angelic boy.

This wasn't the first time he'd fucked up but he realised it had to be the last. When Michel untied him he would fall to his knees if that's what it took.

*

It was over an hour before Michel came back. He had clearly showered, and was wearing only a thin robe tied at the waist. The room had grown dark, leaving him sat there in the half light from the windows.

“Shall I remind you why you said you would give it all up?” Michel asked, trailing a hand over his arm. He untied the robe and let it fall open, shrugging it off his shoulders until it hit the floor. “Because I am pure of heart? A goodness you never thought you could attain perhaps? So why then do you drive me away?” Michel was naked, his pale, smooth skin catching the glow of what little light there was.

His breath hitched as Michel dropped into his lap, straddling him and grinding against him.

“Will you give it up for me, mon cheri? As you promised?” Michel asked and a groan was all that was managed in response. “I prepared myself for you.” The words were whispered against his ear, a shudder going through him as he hardened.

Their mouths came together in a hungry kiss and he could taste his own blood from the beating he'd received. It was easy to ignore as he tried to grind up into Michel but was pinned down by the ropes and his boyfriend alike.

This didn't stop Michel teasing him, fingers finding nipples and pinching at them almost painfully as he squirmed down on his now rock hard cock.

He broke the kiss but mouthed words against Michel’s throat - “I never said I could be redeemed.”

Michel chuckled and pulled back, cupping his face in his hands and looking at him with that love that damn near killed him. “Lucky I know better than you.”

All he could do was nod as Michel moved off him and picked items out of robe pocket before discarding it once more.

His cock was aching when Michel freed it and rolled the condom onto him, chasing it with his mouth, teasing him as he tongued over the latex. He groaned and Michel chuckled again. He let his head fall back and eyes close as Michel then lubed his cock for him.

When hands disappeared he opened his eyes to see Michel fingering lube into himself.

“Fuuuuuck.” the word was a long drawn out moan and he strained against the ropes.

“That's the idea, my bitch.” Michel replied with a grin as he moved over him, straddling high in his lap and then sinking down onto his cock.

They both groaned as Michel slowly worked himself down, taking him deeper until they were flush against each other.

He could do nothing but babble nonsense and continue to strain against the ropes as Michel fucked himself on his cock. It was all about Michel. He was taking everything he wanted, and they were both just fine with that.

Michel jerked himself as he rode him and the sight was fucking beautiful. With a cry Michel's cum shot up his abdomen and chest and he felt it fall in hot, wet splatter across his skin.

“You're so fucking hot.” he told him, wanting to thrust up into his French beauty, where he was held in clenching muscles like a vice. Michel's hands moved against his chest, curling fingers into the cum coated hair as he panted.

“So you say.” he grinned as he rose, leaving the hard cock bobbing and straining with want. “Actions speak louder than words.” Michel added as he grabbed the cigarette lighter from the side table and flicked it into life.

Michel held the lighter so close he could feel it painfully against his skin as it burned through a rope. He felt the restraint slacken and then the heat stopped.

Michel stepped back as he started to push at the ropes, only one loose, it would still take time to escape them on his own. And yet Michel walked away, towards the bedroom - turning back as he was about to leave the room.

“Actions, mon cheri.” he reiterated very seriously.

When Michel left the room he renewed his efforts to get loose, so he could take his boy again. Fuck him until they both came, and then... start winding down the business. He had enough money, he could find new challenges - but Michel was irreplaceable. He'd always willingly be Michel's bitch.

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